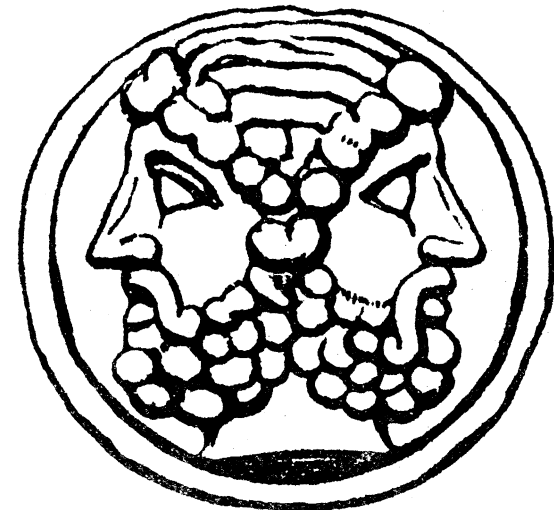


As you've no doubt guessed, we Old Calendrists are in fact a bunch of bitter rancorous aging hippies who used to believe in Flower Power and Dropping Out and Doing Your Own Thing, and are now discontented and disgusted by PoMo Post-Civilization, reduced to cynicism and despair by the Triumph of Money and the technologization of consciousness itself. Nevertheless, although incapable of any facile optimism, we cling to our old *anti-pessimism* – and continue to hope that Time can be redeemed through strategic revolutionizing of the very system of its measurement – a return to a-chronic (neo) paleolithic laziness – a permanent vacation.

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# The Old Calendrist

TRACTS FOR OUR TIME





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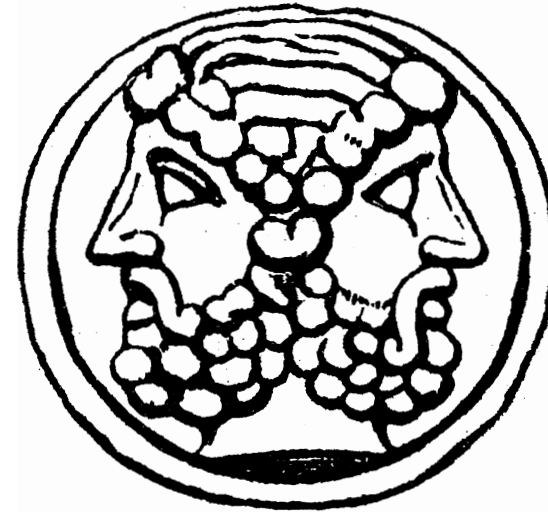
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## THE OLD CALENDRIST



## TRACTS FOR OUR TIME

The Old Calendrists are:

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## #I

Our cause: *abolition* of the world's present "Gregorian" calendar system and *reversion* to the Old Julian calendar.

Gregory was a Pope. His system was designed as a monotheistic mind trap. But the Julian system is based on Julius Caesar's revelation in Egypt, where Cleopatra's Court Astrologer explained to him the Sothic Year (based on the star Sirius). The Alexandrian (probably neoplatonic) philosopher Sosigenes later advised Caesar on the reform. We call this system *pagan time*. The very word "Julian" also evokes for us our hero Emperor Julian "the Apostate", a renegade from Xtianity, the last pagan philosopher to rule the Roman Empire (d. 362 ad).

In 1582 ad the Vatican under Pope Gregory XIII imposed a new calendar on Counter-Reformation Europe. The Orthodox East and the Protestant West both refused it and remained loyal (for a while anyway) to the Julian Year. Twenty-eight years later in 1600 the Vatican burned Giordano Bruno, the Hermetic martyr, at the stake in Rome. *Whose side are you on?*

The Calendar is the oldest of all ideological constructs, as Alexander Marshack points out (in *The Roots of Civilization*) apropos of Paleolithic lunar calendrics. In the Neolithic, the calendar and its rituals already "regulate" the sacred year.

See Frazer's *Golden Bough* or Theodore Gaster's great *Thespis* for elaborations of the calendrical

ideologies of the emergent STATE and urban civilization in the ancient Near East. Here, the unstriated common organic time of the Stone Age became the structured encrusted time of power and work.

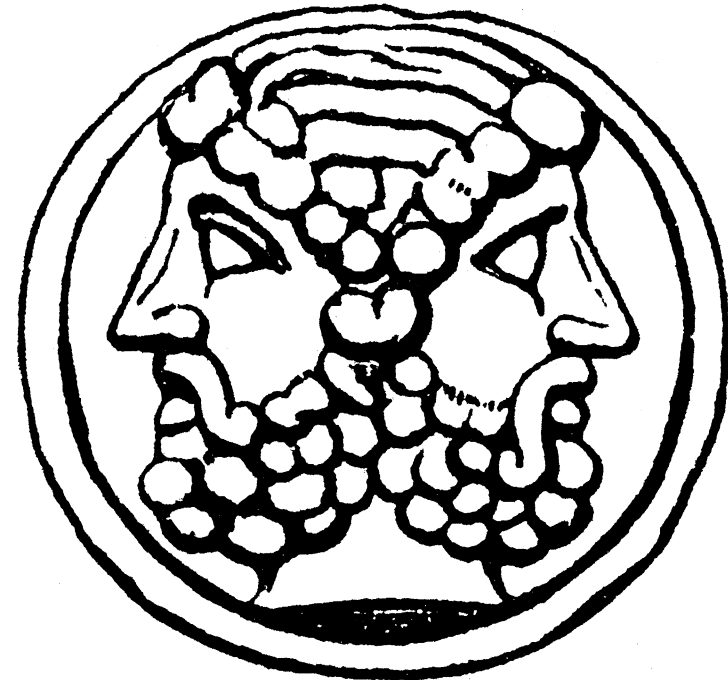
Of course we'd love to abolish all calendars except the world itself ("anarchist time"), but since this seems impossible or at least unlikely, we'll settle for *pagan time* over monotheistic CAPITALIST TIME. Restore the sacred year of Greco-Egyptian *Hermetic* chronosophy, and by its influence a pagan mentality will begin to re-infuse human consciousness. We call this process the *re-paganization of monotheism*.

At present the last European hold-outs of Julian calendricism constitute a schismatic minority within the Greek Orthodox Church of Constantinople (including the monks of Mt. Athos) who are known as *Palaioemerologitai* or "Old Calendrists".

We've adopted this name in their honor. After all, we're not anti-Xtian. Like the pagan practitioners of Voudoun and Santeria, we love all the saints and miracles of old-fashioned Xtianity — it's just the dogma and morals we reject. We're not against the modern calendar because it's Xtian but because it has become the mechanistic clock time of Capitalism, the last world ideology — the rule of pure money.

England and America held out against the Gregorian miasma until 1752, when a bill to abolish the Julian Year passed in Parliament. The Church of England had given up its anti-Papist

We find ourselves saddled with an ontological responsibility it is not possible to abrogate: that the form and appearance of reality and its disposition of time are entirely of our making, collectively, species-wide, individually, intra-individually. We must "reform the calendar" because even if we do not, we do.



Bright children puzzle about such matters until the calendar intervenes to terminate the puzzlement.

The calendar's use of astronomical cycles shroud other mysteries. Do celestial rotations and orbits bind time itself to a circular path so that return to the same configuration signifies a return to the *same time*? (What is a circle *in time* anyway?) Or is there a finite linearity, as in the Christian time-picture: Creation, Existence, Eschaton – beyond which lies eternity, a mode of being not in time? The ancients (and not only the ancients) imagined an *apokatastasis*: a return of time to its point of origin when the planets reconvene an original configuration, or when the equinoctial precession completes a grand cycle. But it remained ambiguous whether it was time that returned to its point of origin or *things in time* returned to an original condition but at a later “date” (sic). If we think, on the other hand, that the returning cycles are merely circular patterns imposed upon a time that “really” continues forward in a straight line, we are admitting that the past is “really gone” and that history and memory are themselves phantasmatical and everywhere illusory.

Try as we might, it is ineffably difficult for us to find uncalendrical “real time” immanent within temporal process, as time itself seems *already commandeered* by a calendar, whether mythically overwritten or simply projected by an arbitrarily established numerical scale: This supervenes through our intention/attention and acts of objectification. And yet we want to say we *know*

real time is “there” in spite of the ineluctable calendar, and yet, again, that moment by vanishing moment, a “now” whose content changes relentlessly, but whose character as “now” does not change at all, asserts itself as the very heart of what is most concrete and actual. The calendar captures the content but can never tell us – “when” is now.

Reform of the calendar seems imperative, not only because present usage no longer appears universally apposite (in a global prospect, Christians are but a minority); but because the sense of reality that underwrites the very possibility of a calendar no longer seems guaranteed by any ontological determinacy.

The cycles that are bound to the solar year are now situated in a cosmos in which there are something like 100 billion galaxies, each replete with 100 billion “suns.” And our cosmologists’ time-picture has so many uncertain features in it that to submit our temporal lodgings to its regimen seems to abrogate not only a right but a responsibility. Perhaps, if we would have a calendar at all, it must be variably configured, subject to revision, correction, alteration, terms of use. But this would return to each being or each community the freedom to imagine and organize its own time. That the “global reach” of the techno-sphere militates against such poly-ontological freedom shows how the techno-sphere itself is an imposition, a magical commandeering of being through the deployment of a universally imposed imagination of time.

objections and the reform was touted as beneficial to the spread of trade and Empire, not to the enlargement of the human soul. According to the scientists, the Julian Year had “drifted” eleven days from the “true” astronomical date since Caesar’s reform. Accordingly it was decreed that September 2 to 13 would simply vanish from the year 1752.

Riots broke out. As one contemporary writer noted, great “difficulty was... found in appeasing the clamour of the people against the supposed profaneness, of changing the saints’ days in the Calendar, and altering the time of all the immovable feasts.”<sup>o</sup>

In London and elsewhere mobs chanted “Give us back our eleven days!” In Bristol a few people were killed in these Time Riots. The famous Glastonbury Thorn, said to blossom only and always on Christmas Day, “contemptuously ignored the new style” and bloomed on 5th January (new style) – which is of course December 25th old style.

Another unpopular reform was the shift of New Year’s Day from March 25 (the Old Spring Equinox) to January 1st. In England and America, Spring *feels* like the re-birth of the year, an aesthetic perception shared by Zoroastrians and modern Persians who still celebrate New Year on the Vernal Equinox. Nevertheless, we accept January 1st as New Year because it’s the

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<sup>o</sup>from *The Calendar* (1998) by B. E. Duncan, a book we disliked for its scientific triumphalism, but found useful for its facts.

Saturnalian Old Winter Solstice (re-birth of the Sun – a Roman holiday in honor of the uncanny two-face Time god Janus the Doorkeeper of the Year) – even though this date has “drifted” eleven days from the “true” astronomical solstice; and according to the Xtian calendar it’s merely the Feast of the Circumcision – the arbitrary cutting off of the year. (See Ovid, *Fasti*, I, and Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, I.)

What do we want? We want those golden days of September stolen from us by the idolaters of science and rationalist utilitarianism. We hope that the restoration of sacred pagan time will induce a new widespread consciousness open to a radical critique of technology as alienation. Stage by stage we’d like to regress toward the status quo ante 1752. Abolish the Industrial Revolution and the post-Industrial reign of time as money. Abolish not only electricity and infernal combustion but also the steam engine. Bring back agrarian green artisanal social time. Abandon the Capitalist Hell Realm. And by the way, let’s also get rid of Daylight Saving Time. Down with all Time Lords. Free Time.

In what form shall we *take back* our lost time? What about a great Saturnalia, a space of time *outside* the calendar, a golden time, hyperborean, utopian and festive? It would be like eleven Christmases in a row – or eleven Halloweens – that great pagan holiday. But in whatever form – and by any means necessary –

GIVE US BACK OUR ELEVEN DAYS.

#2

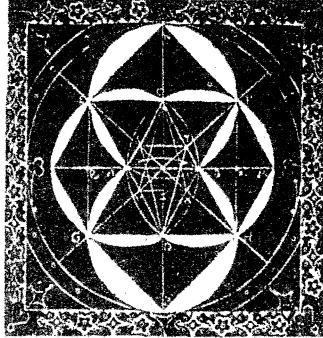


Figure of love, Giordano Bruno,  
Articuli centrum... Prague, 1588

We've heard people say that in "the Middle Ages", one hundred and eleven (111) holidays each year were observed and celebrated by *taking off work* and enjoying a festival of some sort. We don't know a source for this figure; it may be literally true or not — but it's interesting that people believe it.

We're reminded of Bakhtin's carnivalesque book on Breughel, who painted such a wonderful Pantagruelian picture of ZeroWork attitudes in the Rabelaisian era. William Morris also springs to mind, with his strange and attractive blend of anarchism and medievalism. In the 18th and 19th centuries, workers used to slack off and take an 'extra free day after the weekend, telling their bosses they had to celebrate the holyday of "Saint Monday".

It is believed by some scholars that the Roman Empire in Late Antiquity had accumulated 193 holidays a year. According to legend, the Romans were busy carousing on one of these occasions when the Huns invaded the City. Reading Ovid's

charming (but sadly unfinished) calendar poem the Fasti in which he lists and describes the holidays of his era, we can begin to visualize ancient ROMA under its secret name AMOR, a land of festal love rather than (or rather as well as) brutal imperialism. The frescos at Pompeii reveal this lost Rome devoted to Venus (ancestress of Aeneas) as opposed to Mars (father of Romulus and Remus).

Note that after 6000 years of Civilization and just a few centuries of Democratic Capitalism and "human rights", we now have twelve holidays a year, with maybe two weeks off in Summer (if we're 'lucky' enough to be wage slaves, that is).

### This is Progress?

Frankly we're more interested in Regress. We favor Reversion to "earlier" conditions<sup>o</sup>, with revivals of appropriate technology loyal to the luddite critique whereby everything is measured according to actual human values rather than money. We are not Futurists — we are Pastists. We stand for

### ARMED NOSTALGIA.

Nostalgia, unlike mere sentimentality, describes the authentic emotion we feel in contemplating the objective fact that in many respects things were better in the past. Sentimentality sighs for a long-ago that never really existed, but nostalgia is

<sup>o</sup>In his brilliant book on Luddism, *Rebels Against The Future*, Kirkpatrick Sale says, "Of course you can turn the clock back. You do it every Fall — by one hour."

#15

## Onto-poiesis and the Calendar, or the Inalienable Freedom to Imagine Time

The calendar stands in for a culture's commandeering of time — its time picture — the imposition of serial order *cum* periodicity upon a fundamental condition of existence that, without such an imposition, suffers or offers inalienable ontological mysteries. The first order of *onto-poietic* business is the determination of what time is. But the calendar already KNOWS that; hence the commandeering of time, the imposition.

The imposition of the calendar occurs in two phases: 1. The construction of the linearity of time from the succession of transitory moments and subjectively felt time structures and flows; 2. The projection of periodicities based on diurnal and other cyclicities upon such a construction.

But the imagination of time is not primordially an imposition of a "culture." It is an inalienable activity of *sentience* itself. Sentient beings project upon time intimately felt intervals, processes, sequences, enduring objects, quasi-stable identities of all sorts — whose underlying character disposes a *nature* of time.

Within this nature, every moment vanishes as it arises. How things seem to preserve their identities for even the briefest span; how there might be *time-spans* at all — is one mystery. There are others.

We project our Christian calendar over the vast realm of the *not-yet* and "colonize" it, experience all sorts of things in relation to it. Our technology is organized within an already projected picture of the future it wishes to control.

The projection of the calendar also allows us to situate our representations of that which is *no longer* — in the realm of serial order — and organize it by means of a publicly structured pattern of cyclicities (days, months, centuries, millennia, etc.).

This calendar is an entirely imaginary object, not only because of the Christian imagination of time upon which it imposes a numerical series but because that series itself is entirely imaginary and imposed.

One function of the calendrical is to abort imagination about another mystery: Once time itself is determined as extended and given a name, but before a fixed calendar enumerates its elements, interesting if impossible questions might trouble our sense of it. Did time ever begin? The question makes no sense because the idea of beginning assumes a time for a thing to have a beginning in. Has it been here forever? Then an infinite interval has transpired until now; and *infinity* — a concept usefully confined to signifying nothing more than a series that has no last term — becomes something quite actual right at the heart of that which is most concrete: whatever is happening here and now occurs after an *actually* infinite amount of time has transpired.

We might note here that Thoth's Greek cousin, Hermes, was god of swindlers and thieves. The Alexandrians would later join the two, as Hermes/Thoth, but they tended to leave out the lowlife aspects.

Never shoot dice with the Neter of Magic. Thoth wins  $1/72^{\text{nd}}$  of each day. Divide 360 by 72 and you get 5. These five days break open the circle so that something new can enter the world. Nut gives birth, one child a day, Set, Isis, Osiris, Nephtys, and a figure called the Elder Horus, to distinguish him from Isis and Osiris's son, also Horus.

These are the Neteru of Change. While the elder Horus mostly withdraws from the story (though some see him as both enemy and lover of Set), Isis invents agriculture, which Osiris will then teach the world, Nephtys creates alchemy, and Set – Set fights for the old ways, the ways of the desert. When Osiris returns from his world tour Set has planned a trap. Once again, adultery creates an opening. Set is married to Nephtys, but disguises her as Isis to trick Osiris into a violation of his marriage. (From this union will come Anubis, who will later help Isis revive Osiris). Next while Osiris sleeps, Set measures him, then builds a magnificent jeweled box to exactly Osiris's form. At a party he produces the box as if he's found it, and suggests it go to whoever will fit inside it. The story tells us that Set worked with 72 henchmen, and that each pretended to try for the prize but failed, until finally Osiris lay down and fit so tightly he couldn't get up. Set then nailed on the lid, sealed it with molten lead and sent Osiris

down the Nile to suffocate in the world's first coffin.

But why 72? Now we must introduce a larger calendar, what Plato called the Great Year. Due to a wobble in the Earth's axis, the zodiac, that is, the constellations on the plane of the ecliptic, appear to rotate very slowly, so that the equinoxes and solstices move slowly backward through the signs. Some six thousand years ago the Sun entered Taurus on the Spring Equinox. Approximately four thousand years ago it was Aries, then Pisces, and now the switch moves to Aquarius. This is what was meant originally by New Age, and the Age of Aquarius.

The ancients calculated how long this Great Year would last, how long before it would come full circle, and came up with 25,920 years. If we divide this number by 72 we get 360. When Set measures Osiris and creates a coffin for him, he reduces the Neter to  $1/360^{\text{th}}$  of his full being.

All measurement of a living creature is a lie. We are measured from the moment of birth, and all through childhood, and then at work, in relationships, in our place in the world, until we may become like Osiris, locked in a box so tight we can no longer breath. Isis does not accept this, and neither should we. If we restore the calendar to life, we restore ourselves as well.

Written on 24 January, *The Day of the Coming of Thoth*

(From the Egyptian Book of Days, by Mélusine Draco, Ignotus Press, 2001)

simply a form of social realism.  $\text{xxx}$  holidays a year are better than twelve holidays a year; *q.e.d*

We have decided to pretend that “another world is possible” – even if it isn't. Perhaps the World already came to an End in 1997 (as William Blake predicted) – perhaps now “There is no such thing as Society”, as the late Baroness Thatcher famously declared. Perhaps *this is the Future* and Armageddon has already transpired as whimper rather than bang: an eternity of half-life in the ruins of some infinite shopping mall or cosmic airport waiting-hall (as J.G. Ballard predicted). Or maybe, as P.K. Dick foretold, it's now all just one big hallucination! Maybe. But we refuse to give up hope for the Past.

Our idea is that the Calendar is an art-form, not a scientific document. A calendar that claims universal objectivity constitutes a crypto-ideological act of tyrannical image-magic, an attempt to impose mechanical Time over organic Time and finally to erase Nature altogether. We reject the Jesuit monotontheist conspiracy of the “Gregorian” calendar and call for restoration of the polytheistic Julian calendar. Why? Because we believe in

### PAGAN FUNDAMENTALISM.

Actually we'll take any system rather than the current Capitalist Utilitarian calendrical enchainment – lunar, solar, Mayan, Egyptian, Hindu, Chinese, Jewish, shamanico-animist, etc. Let 1000 calendars bloom. But let them be *holy and festive*.

We demand *days off* for all major Greco-Roman, Celtic, Norse, African, American Indian, Hindu, Taoist and other pagan holy-days. We intend to revive the SATURNALIA<sup>†</sup>, a period of days in midwinter *outside Time itself*, not counted as part of the year, devoted to a festal re-enactment of the Saturnian “Golden Age” of egalitarian original *paleolithic anarchy*. As Nietzsche said, “We are the Hyperboreans.”

### GIVE US BACK OUR $\text{xxx}$ DAYS.

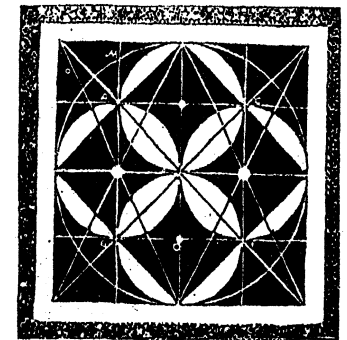


Figure of the spirit, Giordano Bruno, *Articuli centrum...*, Prague, 1588

Note: A valuable resource for all Old Calendrists is the annual AUTONOMEDIA JUBILEE CALENDAR OF RADICAL SAINTS & ALTERNATIVE HOLIDAYS. Even tho it's based on the Gregorian system we approve because it gives us an excuse to take off from Work on every single day of the year; thus it subverts the “official” calendar from within. Some of the saints and days (chosen at random from the month of June 2013): A. Ginsberg, Garcia Lorca, Tom Paine, Marie Laveau (the Voodoo Queen), Ali Shariati, Emma Goldman; the Festival of Non-Linearity, Doughnut Day, the Taoist Wine Festival, Pentecost, St. Vitus' Day, Bloomsday, Paul Bunyan Day... (c/o Autonomedia, box 568, Brooklyn NY 11211; [www.autonomedia.org](http://www.autonomedia.org)).

<sup>†</sup>See Macrobius, *Saturnalia* I (Loeb Library).

#3



From the Louvre Calendar

We advocate abolishing the Gregorian calendar because it has become the time-system of (post)industrial Capitalism, the reign of Work as alienation and the “cruel instrumentality of Reason”. We insist on a “return” to some holy and *inefficient* calendar –any system so long as it’s old—and we especially support the Julian calendar, which England and America followed till 1752. The point is to re-enchance Time itself, to make it sacred again, more in harmony with Nature, more “organic”.

Since the Julian calendar was influenced by the ancient Egyptian system we should take that system for our Hermetic inspiration as Old Calendrists; we should be esoterically aware of our Egyptian heritage.

The *Sothic Year* derives from the annual heliacal rising of Sirius (called the Dog Star by the ancient Greeks because it marks the “dog days” of maximum heat) which coincides with the annual

rising of the Nile on July 19°, a cycle which repeats almost exactly every 365 1/4 days. This year was juxtaposed to another “vague” or mobile year of 365 days which “glided” in relation to the fixed Sothic year. The vague year had twelve months of 30 days each, ruled by 36 Decans or deities of the ten-day weeks (360° of the sky), plus five intercalary days *outside Time* devoted to Isis, Osiris, Horus, Set and Thoth.

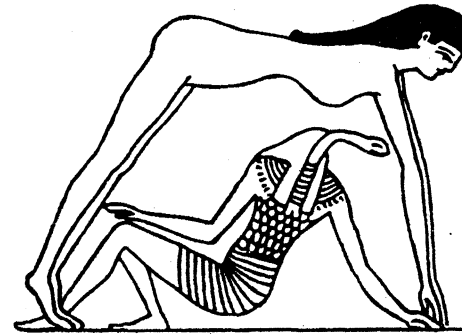
The vague year “drifted”, somewhat like the Islamic year, so the Solstices and Equinoxes would appear on different days each year. The Islamic calendar, being lunar, never “catches up” with the natural seasons or the solar cycle. (In Iran this problem is solved in a charmingly inefficient way by using the Zoroastrian Solar calendar as well as the Arabic lunar one.) But the Egyptian mobile year *does* “come back” in line with the Sothic year – once every 1460 years. This period, like those of the interlocking Mayan cycles, defines a “Great Year” or Aeon.

The Egyptians also used a lunar calendar – primarily to calculate feastdays for the lunar phases – but apparently made no attempt to harmonize it with the vague and the Sothic systems.

Parenthetically we should note that one of the oldest and most wide-spread systems of time-

° Scholars seem to disagree on this date; Herodotus and the editors of *The Landmark Herodotus* say the Nile used to flood on the Summer Solstice, June 21 – but the heliacal rising of Sothis happens on July 19/20. Of course thanks to the Aswan Dam, the Flood no longer occurs, and Egypt is already facing a water crisis.

#14



Nut and Geb

72

To bring the calendar back to life it is not enough to link the days to their ancient patron gods, or dedicate the days to powers. Rather, we need to recognize that the gods themselves are days, and the days are gods.

Any act to restoration is fundamentally Egyptian, for Isis bought her brother/husband Osiris back from the dead not once, but twice. So let us look to Egypt for what the calendar can truly mean. The Egyptians conceived of a time when the year was 360 days, twelve months of exactly 30 days each. In such a world nothing can ever change, for the calendar becomes a closed circle, with no openings for anything new. The gods – or Neteru, to use their Egyptian name – did not concern themselves with humans. Ra brought the Sun across the sky each day, Nut hovered over the world as the dark night lit with stars, and Geb, the Earth, continued unchanged through the millenia.

Humanity lived in wretched barbarism, reduced to cannibalism to feed themselves.

Then something happened. That something was sex, and the breaking of rules. Nut was married to Ra but she took up with Geb. Our Greco-Roman heritage leads us to believe that all cultures have seen the sky as male and the Earth as female. To the Egyptians, Nut, the soft sky that hovers over the world, lowers herself onto the phallic mountain of Geb (if the Egyptians had a missionary position it would have been the woman on top). How could she resist? At night, Ra’s boat carries the Sun through the Underworld, so how would he ever know?

Except – Nut becomes pregnant. Five babies are growing inside her, and when Ra discovers this he rages at her and decrees that she will never give birth on any day of any month of the year. In other words, she must remain pregnant forever. Desperate, Nut turns to Thoth. Now, Thoth actually pilots Ra’s boat, but he has many other functions. He most commonly appears as the Scribe, Ibis-headed and writing on a tablet (he can also take the form of a baboon). As well as writing, Thoth is the Neter of magic, medicine, wisdom, and technology, which is to say, Everything Worth Knowing. We might expect that Thoth might use some invention for Nut to deliver her babies. After all, he will later create mummification so Isis can restore her husband. But opening a closed circle requires more than magical wisdom. It requires risk. Thoth goes to the lesser Neteru and challenges them to a game of dice.



recall that dreams are as real as waking

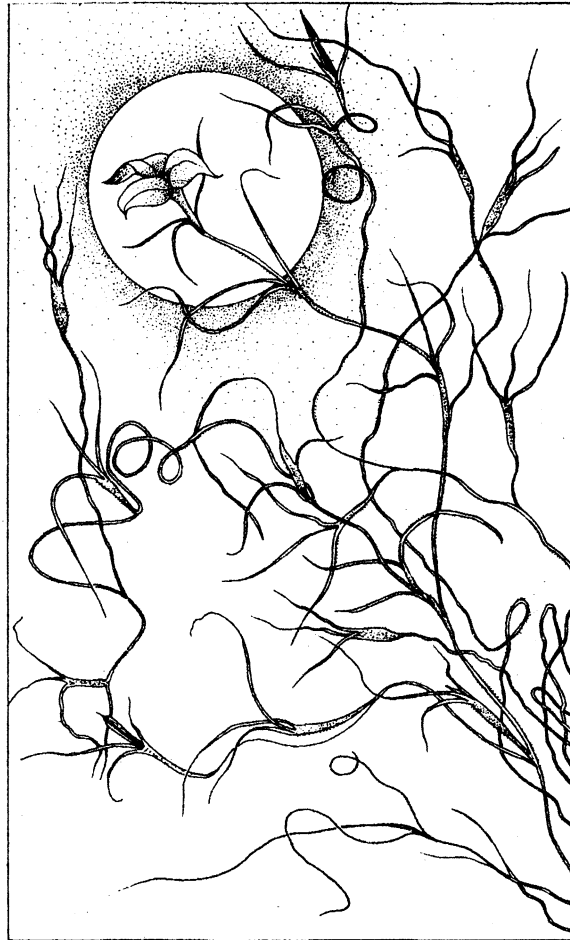
day we share with many if not all  
night is shared with the fewest

a dream is unshared waking—  
only you and the moon know the stuff  
of your dream  
the streets you move along and who  
you meet there

beating the dream-drum to feed the  
moon.  
Our soma feeds the moon, our dreams  
feed the moon.

Hence the magistracy of art, and its great  
burden:  
to share the dream with all, and master  
it.

This Tract is proffered by  
Jacob son of Samuel  
in the Seventh Month of the Year of the Serpent  
for the Sons and Daughters of Lunacy.



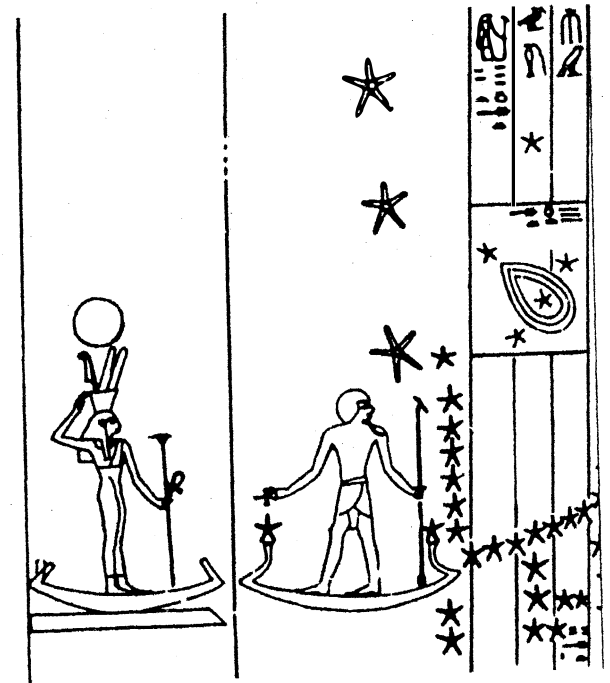
measurement, based on the 28 (or 27) *Lunar Mansions*, probably dates back to the Stone Age, since we find almost identical versions in China, Mesopotamia, India, Arabia and even in Cornelius Agrippa's *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*. The Mansions are defined by the Moon's apparent motion through a set of constellations, each one of course a deity or angel.

The important angels or deities of the Egyptian calendar include the Decans, but only later the Zodiacal signs, which probably came from Mesopotamia. Sirius is not a dog in Egypt, but a goddess who looks like Isis. She presides over the first day of the year, when the Nile begins to rise and fecundate the fields; the last day is represented by Orion the hunter or giant. Over the entire system, Thoth (Hermes) rules as god of Wisdom, along with Sechat, the goddess of Scripture and Mistress of the Annals, which "will last for millions of years"<sup>†</sup>.

The closest we might come to this Hermetic calendar (short of adopting the ancient Egyptian system wholesale) would be to revert to the Julian year, which resulted from Julius Caesar's calendric revelations in Cleopatra's Alexandria. Oddly enough this "pagan" year has been preserved to this very day by the Eastern Orthodox Christian *Old Calendrists*, who consider the Gregorian calendar to be sinful! All we need to do is adopt their system and we will find ourselves back in synchronicity not only with

authentic Judeo-Christian Time but also with the pagan Greco-Roman-Egyptian calendar. As Hermeticists we could then demand

**GIVE US BACK OUR 1460 YEARS!**



Sirius and Orion, with Decans, on the Tomb of Senmut

<sup>†</sup> For full explications and the actual arithmetic of all this, see A.S. von Bombard, *The Egyptian Calendar: A Work for Eternity* (London, 1999).



Shepherd's calendar, from the Middle Ages.

Those who have somehow failed to suppress their own childhoods, or those who have lived in some country like India where *festal time* still persists, will recall that Time itself seems portioned out into two basic varieties: quotidian or ordinary duration, and periodic states in which time transmutes itself into “transcendent immanence”, the natural paradox of the *holy day* of excess and dionysian abandon.

Mechanistic time is divided up into Work, Shopping, and dulling-out in front of the Tube (or other screens). The “smooth” time of “primitive cultures” is actually far more variegated and complex than Civilized Time, since it retains its ludic aspect and refuses Separation and “alienated labor” (the epitome of monotony).

Old places like India or Egypt or Greece, although no longer “primitive” and free of striated time, nevertheless remained far more festal than

modern or postmodern “Civilization” with all its clockwork discontents. (Actually, modern civilization IS its discontents.) In Boulder, Colorado, we have seen the Atomic Clock, based on decay of the cesium atom<sup>o</sup>, in the U.S. Bureau of Standards or Measurements or whatever it’s called—where all natural mensuration (days, nights, feet, inches, yards, fathoms — body-related and *vague*) is replaced by precise scientolotrous metrics, the “cruel instrumentality of Reason” at its coldest. Such calendrics can measure only *price*, never *value*. Time in this sense is a Capitalist Conspiracy.

The old Saturnalian holiday now known as Christmas is despised both by rightwing Xtian bigots (who consider Xmas to be a “pagan survival”), and leftwing liberal killjoys, who denounce the holiday for both its Xtianity and its “commodity fetishism”. We however defend Xmas against both sides, first because it IS a pagan festival— *Yuletide*—and second, because it represents the genuine potlatch spirit of excessive altruism and generosity (“survival of the happiest”, as Erasmus Darwin once defined Evolution). No one is forced to buy their Xmas presents; we can still make things (or can we?). The entire affair can be *seized back* from the “Evil Archons” (as Gérard de Nerval put it).

### FREE CHRISTMAS!

<sup>o</sup> Cesium is the stuff that kills you if you happen to be in Hiroshima or Chernobyl or Fukushima at the wrong time. Thus our “scientific” chronometry is based (from an alchemical p.o.v.) not only on *entropy* but also on *death*.

The moon is mild, the moon is ours,  
beacon  
for the lover, lights the pilgrim’s way,  
illuminates the backdoor for the needy  
burglar, glows in shrubbery for the  
harlot and his fere.

The moon is for us.

So what is this Gregorian and Julian  
business of counting by the sun?  
Doesn’t day-and-night tell us enough,  
tell us sun is all or nothing, Manichean,  
lord of duality, patriarchy, government  
and salary?

**Give up sun worship!**

**Every day a Sabbath!**

Every night the moon sings a different  
song a different sign.

This is a simple-minded plea for a lunar  
calendar.

Begin it with the autumn equinox like  
the Jews and Greeks, or the spring  
equinox like the Persians, just watch the  
moon and name it through the seasons.  
Through your seasons, where you live.  
So we could have Lilac Month and  
Rose of Sharon Month and Owl Month  
and Blizzard. We are the authorities  
here.

You can go to the books and find  
dozens of lists of what American Indian  
tribes called the moons of the year.  
The lists to my mind seem fanciful and  
whitemanized. Here and there a name  
sticks out: Wolf Moon, Green Corn  
Moon, Dead Water Moon. I don’t trust  
the lists. We don’t have to. Read  
them, but make up your own.

*We* are the measurers. The moon made  
us. The moon wants us to know. So  
call the year anything you want, count  
from the building of Rome or the Birth  
of the Redeemer or the Flight to  
Medina or the Storming of the  
Bastille—it doesn’t matter.

**The year doesn’t matter.**

Only the moon is matter, material to us,  
materially mothers or masters us—  
remember that the moon is a woman in  
some parts of the world, a man in  
others, or man in some seasons, lady in  
others.

And o, keep record of the nights,  
the night is when the moon discourseth,

a dream has eyes  
find them looking at you  
then looking in you,  
and when you wake walk around  
seeing the world with those dream-eyes

#13

A FIRST BLAST ON THE  
CONCH-SHELL CRYING  
OUT FOR A RETURN TO  
A LUNAR CALENDAR

*...Super mare strix alba luna  
The moon's a white owl flying over the sea.  
—Caelius Rufus*

Moon *moonth* month—  
no other measure should we need

the sun is for kings and commissars

**the moon is for us**

the roots of the matter (the mater):  
MN in Egypt: M was owl

N was waves of the sea—  
m n – man mind mens meminisco  
humanus;  
humans are the animals with mind  
animals that measure  
animals that clock the moon's passage  
animals that reckon by moon

Once in France I walked along the  
stream not far from Cavaillon where  
the best melons come from, pale round  
sweet ones  
and along the river bank some earth  
had subsided

exposing some bones tumbled down,  
and a skull regarding me;  
the local word was that they were old,  
Gaulish or such,  
I know they were white, white as the  
moon of course

for God's sake let us count by moons.

As the brain in the skull  
the soma in the moon—  
in the Vedas the moon  
was the chalice of semen,

S-M-N the juice of M-NS  
the sap of mind

the Mind in the Moon  
measures us.

To the moon the waters of earth rise,  
the seas, yes, but not just sea—

the sap in trees, the lymph in me—  
the tide speaks in all the waters of our  
bodies

by moon they rise and fall.

So: the sun's business is with Earth,  
and their transactions make the seasons,  
the wind  
and the electromagnetic waves pouring  
down—  
they affect us, burn us,  
would kill us if we got enough of it.

The same goes for other traditional holidays. Our  
calendrical Reversionism simply won't work  
without Saints' Days, whether these be devoted to  
pagan figures or the old Christian saints  
(including those desanctified by Vatican II), those  
venerated by Voudou and Santeria practitioners as  
well as by Orthodox, Celtic, Coptic and other  
churches.

Episcopalianism (the author's own childhood  
religion) stupidly stopped "making" saints after  
the Reformation, but kept some of the old ones.  
Did sanctity then vanish along with miracles in the  
Age of Reason? Let's re-open the ranks of  
sainthood and re-enchante the Church — which  
needs it so badly! Let's create an Anglican  
Santeria — let's **RE-PAGANIZE  
MONOTHEISM.**

And the same goes for all the sad post death-of-  
god remnants of other world religions. Judaism  
can get in touch with its Egyptian and Canaanite  
roots. Islam can reach back to its shamanic and  
Hermetic origins. Buddhism can delve into Bon-  
Po and Taoism and other primordial forms of  
animism and paganism. And these religions all still  
possess perfectly good holy organic calendars,  
based not on the "needs" of Kapital but the  
pleasures of devotion and play. Holy days are  
atonements or redemptions of "profane" time —  
without them Time lacks any soteriological  
dimension. One "saves time" but can no longer  
*justify* it. Feasting and fasting both offer effective  
means for the sanctification of temporality.

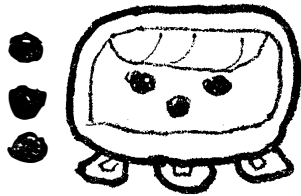
Above all we would like to be able to refuse *digital  
time* and the false "celebration" of Consumerist  
Frenzy that it measures. Our neo-luddite time  
should ideally be counted (if at all) by sun-dials  
and clepsydras, or even by the ancient Egyptian  
baboons (animals of Thoth/Hermes) who — as  
Horapollo claimed — acted as living clocks by  
pissing once every hour.

We embrace all systems and calendars — provided  
they're *impure* and vague enough to englobe  
subjective ludic time — anything, rather than that  
nightmare in Boulder: — time as *decay* — time as  
negation of quality and apotheosis of quantity —  
time as mere heat-death of the Universe.

*Starting now the hours of the clock  
Will hang on a hair around my neck  
Starting now the stars will stop  
In their courses sun cock-crow shadows  
And everything that time proclaimed  
Is now deaf and dumb and blind  
For me all nature is silenced  
With the ticking of the law and its measure.*

—Friedrich Nietzsche

#5



The Old Calendrist is proud to introduce this text on the Mayan calendar by our colleague One Deer.

TODAY IS 3 JAGUAR. Or in our neck of the woods a mountain lion, catamount they said when I was a kid. But yesterday was a reed, a slim hollow thing you can bundle a bunch of together and make strong, a slim thing like a flute, learn music piping (as Blake said) on a reed, Slim, like the human spine, spines of us feeling together, strong.

I am not an Indian, I was just born here in their country, and thus in that sense of it I am, like most of you "holding me now in your hand" a Natural American. My premise here is that there is an American calendar, and that the Mayan daykeepers of Central America and Mexico are the faithful custodians of that Radical American Calendar.

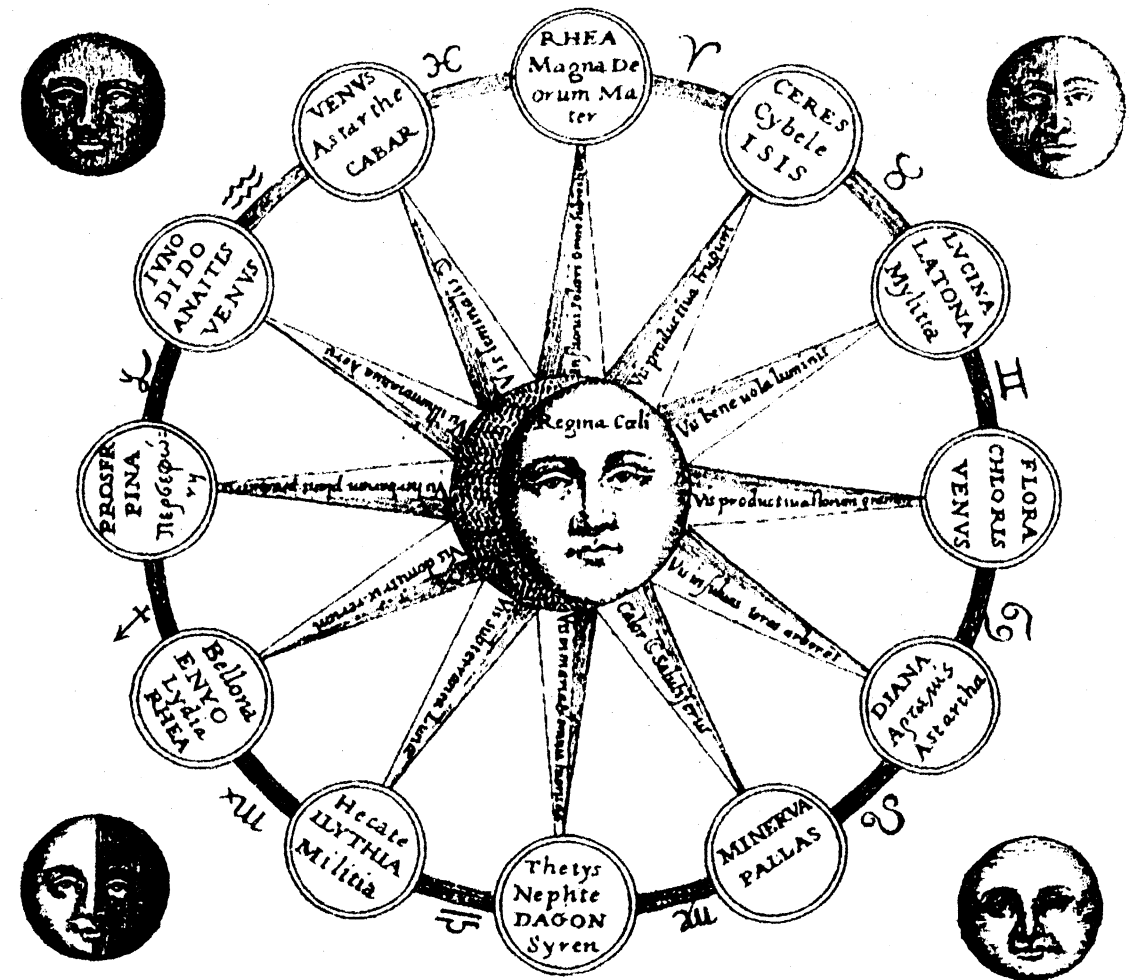
Daykeepers we say, or the scholars call it. To keep the days – implying that each day is separate, a unique event never before and never again. But

days have qualities, and the calendar I'm thinking about runs by noticing twenty successive qualities as they are manifested by thirteen successive energies. The thirteen energies (Gods) are called by the numbers One to Thirteen. The qualities are called by the names of animates or objects. I was born into the day One Deer. Today is Three Jaguar.

A 'year' then will have 260 days – a fair approximation of one revolution of the planet Venus – our mother, as even the Romans knew. At least Lucretius did, that atheist who (somewhat like Lowell's Santayana) said there are no gods and Venus is our mother. Didn't help – those imperial people were sun-worshippers, and built their year on the earth's traffic with the sun. Reasonable, no? The Romans were reasonable, alas. They knew a lot though about times and seasons – check Ovid's great calendrical epic the *Fasti* – he got to do only half the year.

Two hundred sixty days then come again. No weeks, just one long lovely wave of days cresting and subsiding, energies building and yielding. Note the absence of weeks. Years ago I wrote a tempestuous long poem concerned to deplore, excoriate and undo the vast Abrahamic conspiracy of the week, the simple-minded seven and then come again. And the tremendous notion of the Sabbath, the day of rest – a first gesture towards a compassionate society like the Biblical jubilee year, freeing the slaves, forgiving all debts.

But we note a sad implication of the Sabbath, namely that all other days are days of labor, slaving





## Weeks, 10

for Ezra Pound

The agonies of weeks, to fit a season.  
How will they render meaning from solstice to equinox  
in terms of number, the weeks,

thirteen,

so the number

of Sabbatarian weeks in a season, in a spring, is the  
number of lunar months in a year, the moons, weeks,  
turnings, *wicu*, turnabouts, the moon's weeks—  
& the French say, like the Latin model, hebdomadaire,  
built on seven, days, built on the pediment of Saturn's  
throne,

for Saturn is the lord of weeks, & on that day,  
shabbath, thou shalt rest, that day of the great star,  
Shabbathai, the far one; Saturn is the Lord Of Weeks,  
Lord of Compromised Time, the Chopper that lights our  
days to bed & concludes the time.

Sun we say, Moon, Tiu,  
Woden, Thor, Friya, but go to Saturn to end the week,  
go to source, the endless fountain of limitation.

But  
moon's week is an actual turning, a passage we can see  
from dark to full to dark,

& what is wrong with mythology  
is not its poetics, but that it is ungodly linked with  
civil calendars of dead states.

Out of the civil calendar  
the days come whittled to purposes beyond our meanings;  
robbed of value our suns go down & come up each morning  
shrouded, their potency concealed in weekly names—  
mythology is the civil calendar, the dark Father who  
obsesses every actual sight taste touch or smell of what  
is here passing only once through our lives,

the calendar  
that teaches us to dishonor what the day brings by bringing  
the day to a simple matrix of seven, a turnabout that is  
no turnabout but only the flip of a page of a cashbook,  
we are stifling beneath the collapsed categories of ruined  
republics, bones of dead heros clattering the time, paroxysms  
of archive, denying us the clarity of what the sun is  
day by day, the moon is night by night, & what they shine  
on, or from what they withhold their light.

— Robert Kelly  
(México, 1966)

away for the king's pyramid or the CEO's profit.  
We get our week from the Bible, the Jews, but I  
bet they got it from Egypt, a week is a pharaonic  
sort of thing, work them till they drop, give them a  
day off to recover their muscular strength, but  
keep their minds busy in church or temple to keep  
them from any real thinking. Grrrrrr. Who knows  
what a man or woman at leisure might dare to  
think, dream, build, compose.

Dedicated to the sacred individuality of every  
living being, shouldn't we try to inhabit an  
environment of time in which each day too is itself  
and no other? How free we would feel, and  
perhaps even be, if there were never again  
something that had to be done exactly every  
Wednesday at 9 AM or every Sunday at 8.

And if you argue that this lovely Maya maze is just  
a 260-day week, I'll sort of agree, but point out  
that each such week is a cog in a larger wheel, ever  
wider units to preserve the precious singularity of  
each of your days. And if you don't see that, see  
that a big 'week' is better than a little one — the  
bigger the grid, the easier it is to get lost in it. Lost  
from other people's scrutiny and plans for you. To  
escape that horrid word we learn in school,  
schedule. Escape from schedule and do what you  
alone are born to do.

So the sweet old machinery runs like this. Three  
Jaguar today. Tomorrow Four Bird (think  
hummingbird, think eagle). Next day Five Bee,  
that earnest honest spirit of the woman-house,  
never tell lies. And so on: One through Thirteen  
then start again. The animals and objects have no

beginning and end, no more than a wheel has.  
Though some daykeepers we're told, intuitive  
Darwinians, start the cycle with Monkey.

Thus: Monkey. Tooth, Reed, Jaguar, Bird, Bee,  
Woodpecker, Fish, Turtle, Spiral Shell, Lizard,  
Wind, Dawn, Spider, Snake, Owl, Deer, Corn,  
Jade, Dog.

But these are not simple totems. Look at the  
glyphs that write each day, they are complexes and  
puns and aides-mémoire like Pound's ideographic  
method. Bee is also Vulture, cleaning up messes,  
forgiveness of sins, Deer is also Horse, any big  
four-legged herbivore. Owl is death and release.  
Tooth is also a road and a good day to go. The  
power of an image is all it makes you think.

## To learn more:

The little I know about all this comes from the  
energies and genius of the Tedlocks, who first  
gave me the days (and I still keep track of them,  
even though I am no how able to 'keep the days'):  
Barbara Tedlock's *Time and the Highland Maya*,  
and Dennis Tedlock's many books, especially  
*Breath on the Mirror*, and the recent and  
overwhelming *2000 Years of Mayan Literature* —  
which has a lucid and profound explanation of the  
days, their glyphs, their social and poetic  
resonances. The National Museum of the  
American Indian's website links to Jose Barreiro's  
daily mapping of each day—brief, aggressive, more  
a quick reminder than an exposition.  
<http://blog.nmai.si.edu/main/maya-calendar/>

#6



Michael Maier: *Vitae Mors*, Oppenheim, 1618

The idea of instantaneity first appeared – like most scientific/technical ideas – as a dream of High Magic. Cornelius Agrippa in his *Three Books of Occult Philosophy* somewhere describes a technique of instantaneous communication via a lunar mirror that can induce telepathic dreaming. Eventually all such dreams are realized – and betrayed through their very actualization – as each dream of magic becomes a nightmare of technopathology.

The poetic fancy of human flight that was first realized by the Hermetic Freemason Montgolfier Brothers eventually morphed into the death tech of bombers and drones, and the ecstatic experience of flight turned into sheer terror. And the dream of instantaneity became the telegraph, that invention greeted with such a prescient lack of enthusiasm by H.D. Thoreau.

The pessimistic French theorist of speed (“dromology”) Paul Virilio posits that a world unified by technology must inevitably experience a global accident, a techno-Ragnarok of some sort. In our opinion this nightmare scenario has already occurred. The “accident” is the computer – or rather IT (Information Technology) – the mechanical Id of Too-Late Capitalism – the bad unconscious exteriorized as mediation and representation – the death of human society and its replacement by ersatz “interactivity”. The replacement of society by “social networks”.

As Nietzsche said, a fact doesn’t exist until it’s given meaning. All the data in the universe add up to zilch if none of it can be given meaning. (Facts that are given meaning become knowledge. Knowledge given meaning becomes wisdom.)

All the world’s information, accessible 24/7 at flick of keyboard (or even voice of robot) in your pocket-brain thumb-piano – this data must<sup>o</sup> be subsumed into a black hole that (“paradoxically”) will suck up all knowledge and give back no light – no wisdom – and eventually not even “facts”. Around this black hole a penumbra will seem to shine (like “a dead mackerel in the moonlight”), as around an eclipsed body – but this light will be an illusion, an image, a cheat. The result has already appeared: – the collapse of the human and the social into a “Singularity” of technopathocracy, the rule of sick machines.

<sup>o</sup> By the “law” of the paradoxical counter-productivity of monopolistic institutions or technologies – e.g., compulsory education makes you stupid, organized medicine makes you sick, and so on. (See Ivan Illich.)

Till then I’d been a shapeless lump or ball  
but now took on my godly face and limbs  
although as if in memory of old chaos  
I still retain a double-headed shape.  
Now hear the explanation you demand  
and learn my office. All that you now see  
of sky, sea, clouds and earth – all things  
are closed and opened solely by my hand.  
I and I alone am guardian of  
the universe’s vastness – none but I  
may rule the wheeling axis of the world.  
I choose to send forth Peace from tranquil halls  
that she may walk unhindered all her ways  
and keep the world barred off from bloody war  
with iron unbending. I at Heaven’s gate  
sit with the gentle Hours. Jove himself  
I move to come and go – so Janus is  
my name (a form of “Zeus”)...

Now learn  
the reason for my shape (already you  
perhaps have guessed): think how a simple door  
in fact has two sides – one is facing out  
toward the world, the other toward the shrine  
concealed within – and like the janitor  
or porter seated at the sill I see  
at Heaven’s gate both East and West at once.

Think how Hekate’s three visages  
guard the crossroad where it trifurcates:  
so I can look both ways with single glance  
without the bother of a twisted neck!  
Thus spoke the god, and then invited me  
to ask more questions – So I braced myself  
and thanked him, eyes cast to the ground,  
then said, Please tell me why the year  
begins with January’s chill – why not  
in Spring when all things flower forth,  
when Time renews itself and tendrils burst  
from budding vines, when earth reveals the blades  
of sprouting grain and all the birds now sing  
as if to warm the day, when heifers dance  
in meadows, sun is sweet, the swallows come  
from Winter’s land to build their nests of clay  
beneath barn rafters. Then the field submits  
to tillage and is given life by ploughs.  
Surely that’s the season we should call  
the New Year’s Day; and thus I questioned him  
at length. Then tersely and succinctly he  
in just two verses promptly answered me:  
Midwinter ends the elder sun; the new  
by Phoebus and the Year is now begun.

(based on the Loeb Library translation by Sir James G. Frazer, 1931)



Janus, god of portals and doorways, endings and beginnings.

... But Janus, how to say what god are you  
so double-shaped that Greece has none alike?  
Unfold the secret why of all the gods  
it's you alone that see both fore and aft.

While thus I mused (my notebook in my hand)  
I sensed the temple slowly growing bright  
when suddenly two-headed sacred Janus  
showed his double face to my amaze.

A terror gripped me, hair horripilated,  
all at once my heart grew cold with fear.  
His right hand grasped his staff, in left  
he held his key, and from his forward mouth  
I heard: Dismiss your fear and hark to this;  
painstaking poet of the calendar,  
now mark my words. In ancient times my name  
was CHAOS – for I am of deepest eld:  
observe the long long ages I shall sing.

The lucid air and elements of fire,  
of earth and water still were massed as one.  
At last the discord of the elements  
dissolved and split apart, dispersed  
by diverse routes to seek new homes – thus flame  
sought out the heights, air filled near space  
while earth and sea sank to the mid-most way.

Instantaneity would be an extreme case of Virilio's speed. The automobile and the aeroplane erase space by transporting the body faster than its perceptual capacity – the landscape disappears into a blur between A and B ("and back again", as Warhol put it). With IT even the blur is erased, and one inhabits a dematerialized, desensitized, essentially dead space or No-place Place, a cacatopia where every human relation is reduced to digital imagery, to the mediated representation of conviviality. Time itself must then collapse into instantaneity – soon we will have mechanical telepathy – in essence we already have it. Nano-consciousness.

The Singularity so beloved of the Futurists, the moment when machines become more "intelligent" than humans, has therefore already occurred. Not that "artificial intelligence" was achieved (an abject contradiction in terms) – machines didn't get smarter – humans got more stupid. We sank beneath the level of our machines. We became their serfs.

What caused this to happen? Money, is the short answer. The triumph of the "FreeMarket" means money is free to do what it "wants", which is to rule over every reality, to define reality. The infamous One Percent are merely its most loyal slaves – there is no ruling class – only Money Rules. Time exists now only as money. First "they" took your labor, now they take your time as well.

In the view of the Old Calendrist, there remains only one possible recourse in this situation: to

seize back Time itself from the corporate and governmental demons who have stolen it from us. We must abandon the calendar of the Illuminati and revert to the old pagan measurement of Time as exemplified in holy calendars such as the Julian, the Mayan, the ancient Egyptian. Only through the art of consciousness itself, the alchemy of the calendar, can we hope to transmute our infinite loss into some strategic or "revolutionary" hope.

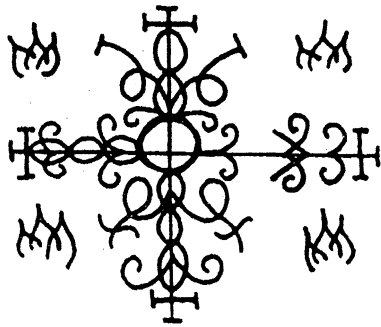
### GIVE US BACK OUR LOST TIME.

*"And from the earth will well up terrible creations of beings who in their character stand between the mineral kingdom and the plant kingdom as automative beings with a super-natural intellect, an immense intellect. When this development takes hold, the earth will be covered, as with a web, a web of terrible spiders, spiders of enormous wisdom, which however, in their organization don't even reach the plant status. Terrible spiders which will interlock with each other, which will imitate in their movements all that which humanity has thought of with their shadow like intellect that was not inspired by a new imagination, through that which is to come through Spiritual Science. All man's thoughts of this kind, which are unreal, will come alive. The earth will be covered [...] with terrible mineral-plant like spiders, which will link up with empathy but evil intention. And man [...] will have to unite with these terrible mineral-plant like spider creatures."*

–Rudolf Steiner (1921)



#7



Vèuè for Stmbi, who is Hermes

The “ecological catastrophe” has already occurred. The world itself is polluted by too many humans, packed together like lemmings, unable to dissipate our bad consciousness into “empty” space. No more wildernesses. The Four Elements are polluted — Earth, Air, Fire, Water. Fire for example is polluted by electricity, “light pollution”, satanic parody of the principle of Illumination, not to mention global warming and weapons of mass destruction, all based on blasphemy against the alchemical principle of Fire. As for the other Elements... well, “you know the score”, as Wm Burroughs used to say.

Time is also polluted. It seems to us that Time is polluted by *speed*, by the fact that the MechanASM moves infinitely faster than any organic living body. But Time (even more subtly) is *tainted by noise*. First, by the noise of trivial boredom and repressed panic we call entertainment (including infotainment) and then simply by mechanical noise — cars, trucks, motorcycles, airplanes, car

alarms, back-up alarms, police sirens, cellphone tones, weed-whackers, ATVs, sno-mobiles, other peoples’ “music” and various and sundry public nuisances and disturbances.

Even deeper: Time is be-fouled by the fuel that drives all this angst-inducing cacaphony — i.e. — Money. Having enough money to buy all this techno-crapola, these “power tools”, gives you the RIGHT to destroy other peoples’ peace and quiet.

Time collapses into dispersed awareness, ruined attention, spoiled concentration or contemplation. We lose connection to organic *sound in time* such as the Dawn Chorus of the birds, or the murmur of living water, or live music made by real humans under real space/time conditions (without “amplification”).

Rather than attacking these oppressions directly — which is impossible anyway — we must find a subtler more Archimedean pivot of consciousness upon which to take our stand.

A few years ago we heard of an old widow who made headlines in the local paper by threatening to fire her shotgun at international airplanes flying directly over her farm near Kerhonkson. Then she actually did it. Next day a Homeland Security SWAT team broke down her door and arrested her. When they realized she was “a bit teched” they let her go — but not before scaring her half to death, of course, *pour encourager les autres*. We were about to start raising money for her defense fund, but didn’t.

of Post-Civ garbage culture and drone technology. But how could we ever find it?

Even if the Endtimes are upon us (whether as Monotheist Ragnarok or Yuppie Rapture) perhaps a few obscure *moments* have been “left behind”. If this were true, these temporal interzones would probably be found in post-urban no-go zones or obscure semi-rural backwoods nowheres too lost even for fracking or toxic-waste dumping, or perhaps near some “protected wilderness” (that oxymoronic term for State Parks and “Nature Preserves”) where upwardly-mobile consensus flacks and happy wage-slaves disdain to set foot — except as “green tourists”.

After all, the Amish and other religious fanatics manage to live without owning any gasoline or electric-powered devices, including telephones and computers — so perhaps we could aspire to the role of impure secular anabaptists or quasi-suburban luddites, and learn to live without the more egregious forms of techno-alienation and subservience to android economics? Maybe.

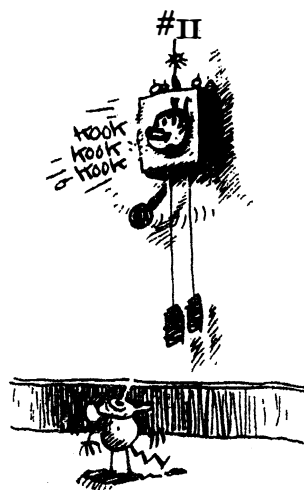
The key to this mystery would be to seize back (some of) our own time, and learn how to enjoy “voluntary poverty” (as Ivan Illich called it) — the pleasures of ZeroWork and non-commodified conviviality. We could follow P. Goodman’s advice, and live (at least “temporarily”) as *Neolithic Conservatives*, anarcho-reactionaries, failures, non-entities, bee-keepers, goatherds or unknown artists.

We envision this “free time” as a kind of psycho-spiritual Kokonino Kounty, that neverneverland inhabited by Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse — even if Offisa Pup still lurks in ambush around the corner of the next moment<sup>‡</sup>. We need a new (or rather *old*) Kalendar to measure this *Krazy Time*, this Imaginal Time, this liberated temporary autonomous Time-Zone where surrealist amour fou and Novalis’s “poeticization of science” could perhaps flourish — if only for a time.



<sup>‡</sup> George Herriman, we believe, should be considered one of the greatest American artists of the XXth century, although he’s still ignored by “ArtWorld” because he worked in cheap print cartoons rather than expensive “fine” art genres such as painting and sculpture.





Krazy Kat Time (Geo. Herriman)

The Old Calendrist upholds a point of view that could be called Anti-Civilization; nevertheless we have to admit – we kind of miss it. Osip Mandelstam (who was murdered by Stalin) once defined civilization as *the afternoon light that falls on an old ochre wall in Tuscany* – and we share his nostalgia.

Civilization, as Charles Fourier pointed out, should by now have been superseded by “Harmony”, the utopia of gastrosophy, luxury, communal opera and free sex he envisioned so brilliantly°. Instead, that which has come after Civilization has proven to be even worse in most respects than the 6000 years that lasted from Sumer to the vile horror of the XXth century of pure war and technopathocracy.

° See his *Theory of the Four Movements* which exists in a modern translation.

The last great utopian dream of Civilization itself flowered from about 1885 to 1914. Modernism then enjoyed its “first thoughts best thoughts” – Art Nouveau, Symbolism, Impressionism, all sorts of Post-Impressionism, anarchism and syndicalism, Nietzschean-Stürmerite Individualism, *lebensreform* with its nudist sun-worship and neo-pagan communitas, ‘pataphysics, Free Love, etc. All this was tragically and brutally crushed by WW I, WW II, WW III and WW IV, and by the suffocating weight of infernal combustion and Information Technology.

As we noted in a previous Tract, Wm Blake predicted that the world would end in 1996 or 7<sup>†</sup> – and he seems to have been pretty accurate.

*Civilization* certainly began in the 4th Millennium and ended about 1996; 1995 was the Year of the Internet Information Superhighway, remember? And now we’re roadkill on that autobahn. And now we appear to be living in the Ruins. These ruins are quite gemütlich for the bourgeoisie, and after all, why not? The rest of the world can rot in hell, who cares?

Even if no space remains in which to “drop out”, perhaps there persists a lost and forgotten time to which we could still escape. The map is closed – but maybe there’s a corner of Winston Smith’s Room where Big Brother’s NSA surveillance devices cannot spy us *in time* – a utopian Time where we could feel (relatively and “roughly”) free

<sup>†</sup> This guesstimate was based on Bishop Usher’s Biblical computation of Creation in 4004 (in October) plus 6000 years till Apocalypse, a traditional figure also from the Bible.

Why are 50% of the American populace zoned out on anti-depression meds? That is, aside from the fact that what’s good for Big Pharma is good for America, because there’s zillions of dollars to be made by creating a need and then filling it (Capitalism deliberately inculcates fear and anxiety). Of course it’s not the real cure that’s being sold but rather its *Image* – because you can’t sell happiness or peace of mind – otherwise people would be satisfied and stop shopping. Advertising sells the “utopian trace” as Benjamin put it – as commodity, always desirable, always disappointing.

Inasmuch as we are in fact depressed (and not lucky enough to live in a State where “medical marijuana” is available) we may well be driven to chemical auto-numbing techniques (dumbing ourselves down) in preference to alienation, existential dread, loneliness, fear of our own government and the Demonic Corporations that control it°, its armed enforcers, its universal surveillance – driven to distraction, too, by the chemical stinks of infernal combustion and exploding character armor (i.e., automobiles); by a world of ugliness and poor design made on purpose to maximize profits. Maddened by the sheer ugliness of Kognitive-Kapitalist Kulture as Signature of its spiritual emptiness and devastation. Driven to depression above all by the theft of our Time: a third of it gone to Work for the benefit of Banks and Bosses, a third devoted to

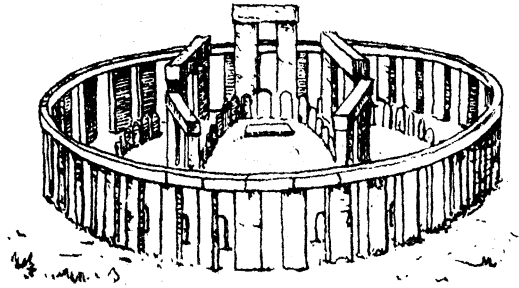
° Corporations are actually discorporations – bodiless entities with more rights than individual humans and none of the liabilities. What else would you call a demon?

brainless and mean-spirited “relaxation”, and a third wasted in drugged and dreamless sleep. Not to forget – a youth misspent in “education” – that is, in training for adult consumerhood and dull ignorance – perpetrated through Image Magic and Ritalin™ Therapy for our “childhood attention deficit disorder” (a.k.a. boredom). Speed For Kids – the essence of Skool. Plus armed K-9 control units in every kindergarten corridor. As the anarchists used to say, “If you liked School, you’ll *love* Work!” Education too is a form of noise pollution. How could we (powerless and rancorous dissidents) ever go about cleaning up Time itself? What kind of bioremediation could rescue Time from its terminal pollution?

The Old Calendrist has a proposal. *Re-organize the measurement of Time* – and by that subtle means, influence consciousness itself – by substituting holy and living Images for the antibiotic miserabilist Images of Predatory Capitalism. Turn back to a calendar based on life – the life of Nature, the life of the Social, the alchemical life of ART – a calendar that situates the self in relation to the Beauty of Time, rather than to its productivity or efficiency. Efficiency is the enemy. We need a calendar that doesn’t quite work, that pays more attention to birds, flowers and saints than to the imperialism of Work/Consume/Die.

Time, like Earth herself, will prove resilient. A generation or two of the OLD CALENDAR and Time will shake off its pollutants and flow, like the river of Heraclitus, clear and free once more.

#8



Stonehenge Restored

In the days when humans still possessed skills and had not yet given up all arts and crafts to machines (to leave ourselves free to shop), different trades lived by different time systems. For example, take the Shepherd's Calendar. As a literary trope or genre it emerges from Hesiod's *Works and Days*, the *Idylls* of Theocritus, Virgil's *Eclogues* and *Georgics*; then Spencer's *Shepherd's Calendar* (1597); and lasts till the Romantic era, when the great Scots 'Ettrick Shepherd' James Hogg wrote one full of genuine sheep-lore<sup>o</sup>.

In the pastoral year of the Celts the four "quarter days" became the biggest holydays, as they coincided with major events in the transhumance cycle: Summer in the high meadows, lambing season at the end of Winter in the lowlands, and so on. These days were: Samhain, our Halloween, the Celtic New Year's Day; Imbolc, Feb. 1st, now St Brigid's Day (she was formerly the goddess Brigid); Beltane, May 1st, now the chief holiday of anarchists and socialists; and Lughnasa, Aug. 1st,

<sup>o</sup> A complete modern edition of Hogg has been published. No lover of calendric lore, or Celtic strangeness, should miss this neglected genius.

devoted to the god Lugh, Master of All Arts (who is both the Sun and Mercury)<sup>†</sup>.

The other four major days now popularized by neo-paganism, the Solstices and Equinoxes, appeal directly to our atavistic impulse to worship the Sun, the "visible deity of our universe" as Charles Fourier called it – the god of Hermeticism, the most revered god of Late Antiquity<sup>‡</sup>, the Helios of Emperor Julian the Apostate and the *Chaldaean Oracles* – Deus Sol Invictus, a.k.a. Elagabal, etc.

We like atavisms. We approve of regressions. Ideally back to the Caves; but at the very least, back to some concept of Sacred Time. Bardic Time.

Halloween may seem to us an unlikely New Year Day, but the oldest calendars begin each "day" with sundown, so that night precedes day, *darkness before light*, as in most ancient cosmologies including Hesiod and the Bible. Thus logically Winter comes first, and Nov. 1st is the first day of Winter (not astronomically but according to the more archaic criterion of local weather).

The Vernal Equinox also "feels" like a logical New Year from this perspective, and March 25, the Old Equinox, was celebrated as such in England and America till 1752. Then again the re-birth of the

<sup>†</sup> *The Festival of Lughnasa* by Maire MacNeill (Oxford, 1962) is perhaps the greatest book ever written on this or any other holiday. A must read for all Old Calendrists.

<sup>‡</sup> See Macrobius, *Saturnalia* I, for a mass of Sun worship lore.

bale, run a little late and you land in jail. "Freedom" doesn't mean *you're* free. It means Money is free to do what Money wants to do, i.e., to become a universal *numisphere* identical with Space/Time itself.

We've been maundering on in these tracts about calendar reform, but let's remember that genuine "primitive" tribes have no real calendars at all. At the paleolithic level of *techné* time is measured by myth, not science. Time is Dreamtime, the narrative duration of the hunt, the original artform of our species. According to M. Sahlin's classic *Stone Age Economics* the tribal "workday" consists of about four hours food gathering (itself a kind of game or art or ritual)<sup>o</sup>, frequent daytime napping, lots of music and dance (with no "audience" and no "stars"), eating when hungry, waking up at midnight for a snack and session of tales and dreams told around the fire, and lots of sex.

It's no accident that the same English word, *venery*, means both the hunt, and erotic love. For the pre-Civilizational *mentalité* the two appear identical. Game (play) is game (the sacred animal). Incidentally, hunting is not the "origin" of war, as so many neocon anthropologists claim. Hunting is about love, war is about hate. And as P. Clastres pointed out (in *The Archaeology of Violence*) "primitive war" is the opposite of our civilized war: – it disperses wealth centrifugally amongst the whole tribe, whereas our warfare coagulates

<sup>o</sup> Note that the earliest forms of art concern the hunt, or love, and that all art (or love) is still a form of the hunt, the intense concentration on the Game.

wealth centripetally, and reserves it for the military-religious elite<sup>†</sup>.

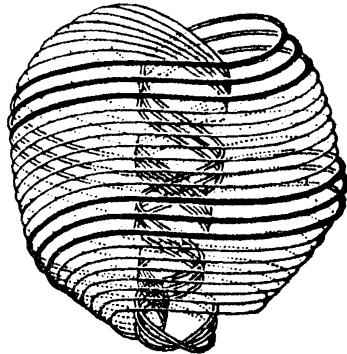
As you've no doubt guessed, we Old Calendrists are in fact a bunch of bitter rancorous aging hippies who used to believe in Flower Power and Dropping Out and Doing Your Own Thing, and are now discontented and disgusted by PoMo Post-Civilization, reduced to cynicism and despair by the Triumph of Money and the technologization of consciousness itself. Nevertheless, although incapable of any facile optimism, we cling to our old *anti-pessimism* – and continue to hope that Time can be redeemed through strategic revolutionizing of the very system of its measurement – a return to a-chronic (neo) paleolithic laziness – a permanent vacation.



Green Man

<sup>†</sup> Clastres in our opinion was the most important anthropologist of the XXth century, although his life was cut short (by an automobile!). See his *Society Against the State*. The *Archaeology* may still be available from Semiotext(e).

#10



Leadbeater and Besant, Occult Chemistry (1908)

Time is money; so money must be time.

When was the last time you saw children playing (unsupervised) outdoors, boys shooting marbles, girls skipping rope, aimless riding-around on bikes, hide-and-seek, ring-around-the-roses, etc. etc? Do you even know what these things were? When was the last time you heard anyone singing in the street, just for themselves, someone not a rock star, nor a nutcase? (A friend in Brooklyn says he often sees a certain person in his neighborhood singing opera in the street – but this person is obviously unhinged.)

Maybe children in slums, places too poor to afford video-games, still play “in the street” – but elsewhere such activity is rendered impossible by automobiles, which dominate all streets and public spaces with the threat of death.

Time itself can no longer stand empty – children are no longer allowed to be creatively bored, to loll

about on summer lawns reading (reading!) comic books – at least we never see them in our village. Maybe somewhere else childhood retains its old privileges, but not here, not now. Long summer vacations (literally “empty times”) are no longer allowed; all time must be “quality” time, oedipal time, institutionalized time, organized rationalized and down-sized to fit our diminished expectations of life, our renunciation of ordinary social or individual pleasures, unorganized pleasures, ordinary pleasures. Time is money, not to be “wasted” in pure unproductive play, in free (i.e., uncommoditized) play.

Those decadent Europeans – how can they expect to keep pace with Progress when they take two month vacations? and when they indulge in socialist perversions like universal health care and decent public transportation? Here in the Land of the Free we gladly work overtime to support our debt to the beloved One Percent aristocracy of bankers and CEO’s – because that’s freedom. We need only two weeks (or less) holiday per year (spent in gridlock traffic in order to go somewhere exotic or at least different in order to shop).

Did you know that “Daylight Saving Time” was originally called *Permanent War Time*? Did you know that “Time Zones” were imposed in order that railway trains might run “on time”? In the bad old days, when every two-bit podunk dorf kept its own time and set its own clocks, a train might leave town A at, say, 7:15 and arrive at town B at 7:12 – a metaphysical horror! Chaos! And so our rulers declared themselves *Time Lords* and legislated Time itself. Punch that clock, lift that

Sun, the Winter Solstice, makes another appropriate New Year; and Jan. 1st is the Old Roman Solstice. For years we used to believe Jan. 1st was a meaningless day on which to celebrate New Year, but in fact it’s quite holy and numinous, being the day of Janus the ancient two-faced god of the circular year. This date therefore captured the Celtic imagination, which turned it into Hogmany, an excuse for a Saturnalian blow-out. Our modern “Saturnalia” lasts from about the astronomical Solstice (Dec. 21) to January 1st; ideally this season belongs outside the calendar altogether in a magic anarchic festal Time of its own. (Jesus was probably actually born in March, scholars now say, Dec. 25 being originally the b-day of Mithras, another pagan Sun-god.).

The Old Midsummer, St John’s Day, June 24, is preceded by the Eve of St John Baptist, when spirits and supernatural creatures are abroad all night and lovers unite. Mr “Shaxpur” got it all correct<sup>o</sup>; and Felix (“Happy”) Mendelssohn (aged sixteen) musicalized it to perfection. Freemasonry’s main holiday seems to commemorate St John’s magical head, remembered by the Templars as Baphomet, and memorialized by Wilde, Beardsley and Mallarmé. It all goes back to Perseus cutting off the Gorgon’s head, or Gawain and the Green Knight’s game – the head as solar symbol.

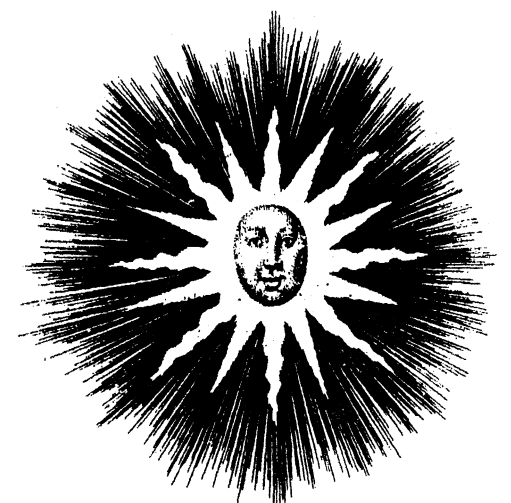
We’d rather be bad monotheists (“spoiled monks” for example) than good citizens of the dead

<sup>o</sup> Including Puck, who is the Irish Pooka, and also the magic mushroom in modern Ireland. Midsummer seems to be his holiday.

universe of vulgar materialism and its final ideology, the Triumph of Money. As one Native American thinker put it, “We Indians are the true materialists – we hold Nature to be sacred. The whiteman calls himself a materialist but his science de-materializes the universe” – and turns everything into fecal money, like an Anti-Alchemist – and money itself into sheer immaterial nothingness.

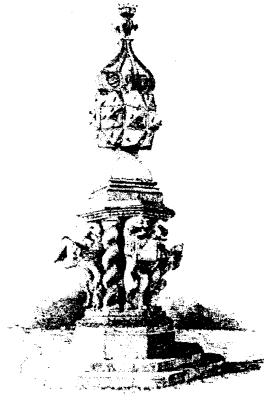


Mithraic Cosmic Symbol



Robert Fludd, *Utriusque Cosmi*, Vol. II,

#9



*Polyhedral sundial from The Castellated and Domestic Architecture in Scotland by MacGibbon and Ross (1887)*

The strict quantitative measurement of time began in the “early modern” West in Christian monasteries, which demanded a complex system of daily prayer sessions. (Matins, Nones, Vespers, etc.). As Max Weber pointed out, this obsessive “production” of prayer led eventually to the invention of the mechanical clock and its central role in the modern period, beginning with the industrial “Revolution”. *Rationalized time equals Satanic mills.*

The mechanical clock, like all gee-whiz techno-innovations, became a metaphor for reality itself—the “clockwork universe”, the “laws” of Nature, the very structure of mind. Later, the steam engine came to play this role — metaphor mistaken for reality — giving rise to such horrid notions as the Second Law of Thermodynamics, or Freudian “repression” reified as a form of potential energy for “Civilization”.

The ugly mechanistic metaphor has now migrated to our latest form of technolatriy, Internet worship<sup>o</sup>. The mind is now a “computer”. By confusing information theory (in which “meaning is irrelevant”) with consciousness theory, we live in cryptoreligious awe of sheer quantity devoid of all value (in Nietzschean terms) except price. Only that which can be counted is real.

Politics seems irrelevant here: Right and Left both agree that science has replaced philosophy. Only a few mad mystics and anarchists have developed a critique of postmodern Civilization and all its clockwork oranges. A handful of Neo-Primitivists and Neo-Luddites understand how technology has nearly destroyed human existence. But everyone else is still intoxicated (poisoned) by Capitalist techno-optimism, despite our subconscious fear and disgust. *Deep down everyone knows what's really going on* — but we allow our gadgets to distract us from this buried awareness. We pretend to believe that the “fix” for technological catastrophe is *more technology*.

“Love your car but hate traffic?!” asks an ad for a recent book. The solution? Re-build the highways so cars can go *twice as fast* and that’ll solve our dilemma. In TV car adverts you never see more than one car, usually alone in the midst of unspoiled nature. After all — you need a car to get to where there are no cars. Of course it only takes one car to ruin Nature — but we must have our “freedom”, no? It’s our *right* to debase the whole

<sup>o</sup> French theorists have coined the term *Externet* meaning everything outside the Internet — i.e., *real life*.

material world with our techno-trash, because we’ve *paid* for it. (Or borrowed, more likely.)

Meanwhile Predatory Capitalism has grown so desperate in its crisis of overproduction that laws are now being passed requiring us to consume on pain of punishment — as those who have refused carcinogenic “smart meters” in their homes have recently discovered. An attempt is being made to save Kapital’s ass by developing “green energy” like solar and wind power, rather than give up the economy of perpetual growth that’s destroying the world and its climate.

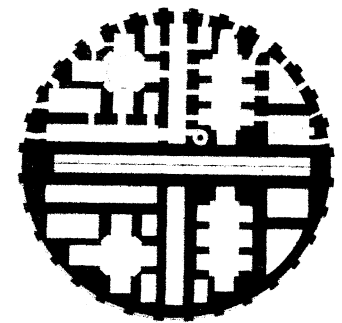
The Old Calendrist does not look on “sustainability” as a form of ascetic self-denial, but rather as a source of *pleasure*. To live without slavery to intrusive mechanistic bric-a-brac appears to us not a limitation but an expansion of human happiness and luxury. We believe that even such out-moded forms of conviviality as dinner parties and love affairs should be seen as *revolutionary* acts. Maybe luddite machine-smashing is too much to expect — but at least perhaps we could cultivate our gardens, or learn how to sing again.

We recently acquired a nice remaindered book, *Sundials: History, Art, People, Science* by N. Lennox-Boyd. The sundials depicted here are lifted from it. The science is rather difficult, but the objects themselves seem delightful and auspicious<sup>†</sup>. Measuring time by the Sun (the deity

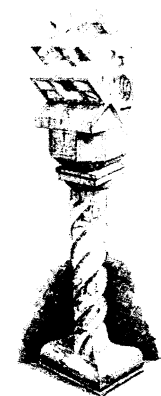
<sup>†</sup> A design is included for a dial that uses the *human body* as the gnomon, the shadow-making time marker.

Helios) can be very accurate — but never *mechanistic*.

The Old Calendrist would like to see a sun (or moon) dial in each of our front yards, and a big one in the center of each village or neighborhood. Organic time is sacred Time, and the use of sundials and clepsydras would help to cure us of our time-sickness — and to restore Lost Nature.



*The floor plan of Ulugh Beg's observatory in Samarkand*



*Polyhedral sundial*